

TOGO AND THE HON. DUMB-WAITER : By Wallace Irwin

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I lay aside labor of work, cross into Hon. Dumb-Waiter and slid down for slight visit to that delightful Janitor family.

To Editor, "Good Housekeeper Magazine," who pull groceries to every high level by strength of his brain.

DEAR SIR: Last place to burst my engagement from work were home of Mrs. and Mr. S. W. Oddbunn, Chicago, near Illinois. There I remain in situation of job nearly two weeks and felt quite superstitious until suddenly I no longer was there. Noley dumb-waiter do this I explain.

The Hon. Oddbunn family live with their dog, Popsy, in first-up floor of apartment-house in neighborhood where all homes smile with similar expression peculiar to brick town.

First day while I was manufacturing soda biscuits amidst patriotic Japanese song, loud whistle-queek emerge from wall so shockingly I must drop dough for fright. Silence. While I again submerge into thoughtful poetry again it wheezed out with noise like fumes killing kittens. What could it do I did not.

Next morning Hon. Mrs. Shortly lady with enlarged red hair, come rebounding down hall. "Togo," she holla, "depraved species of waiter, why you do not answer Hon. Dumb-Waiter when he talks?"

"How can he talk when dumb?" I ask. "Fiddlesticks," she narrate. Then madly she turn to slight whistle of tube, which I observe for first time poking from wall. "Ho, there, yes," she port to tube.

Nextly I hear a terrific screeching of rattle in wall amidst cluck, jarr & upwards growling. Hon. Mrs. open door in wall and behold! There I could observe one deep wall full of ropes making slides. That noise of sound decrease more loudly from below—and behold again! Up come square-elevated box arising proudly like angels bearing canned corn, potatoes, grapefruit, social rings, and other delicious collection of groceries.

"When up?" Hon. Mrs. say this like commander to below. Hon. Box who up and stand there respectfully holding his groceries.

"How scientific is science?" I exclaim while observing.

"Remove off this groceries from dumb-waiter," Mrs. Oddbunn snatch off. "I shall show you some new science you will limp back to Japan from."

I could not argue so I did.

Mr. Editor, as Hon. Dumb-Waiter come used to ourselves in shortness of few days. This show how souls can scrape their acoustical chords and despite difference. By early morning dishwash time, when I hear Hon. Whistle Tube no "squ-e-e-e-e-e" no longer jump with nervous hops resembling horses. Instead I smile affectionately and answer back loving thoughts. He give different replies different times. Sometimes he say, "Meat!" sometimes he report, "Ice!" Naturally he are most cruel when speaking with feeble voice.

"Joe!" he exclaim brutally.

"Yes, Mr. Joe!" I answer.

"Who you call Mr. Joe?" he snore like vampires.

"Excuse, Mr. Dumb-Waiter!" I pardon.

"If you continue naming me I shall come up there with slaps," he based. I were just poking head down shaft well for more apology when Hon. Dumb-Waiter show how quick he arrive by stroking me in chest.

Swedish expression of explosive neutrality when signified to be cooking.

"I have been in Janitor business forty (40) years," he did, "yet never before now did I live to see it."

"I can teach you at once," knowledge about novelties, I divulge for friendship approach.

He merely say, "Huh!" Swedish salute.

"I have arrived," I commence like Y.M.C.A. "to make slight visit around for I am anxious to get acquainted with more Janitors, because I never met that social life. Oftenly between this weak and dinner-cooking I have pleasure hours when I could drop in on the happiness of your home. Also, maybe you have some interest of your own which you would enjoy by riding upward to my kitchen."

"Before I entrust my val. married life of 28 lbs. weight to your aliphil, I see myself must first," he glub. "However, if you come to visit my cellar home in p. m. afterwards I teach you among friends how play Swedish game of P. Knuckle."

I follow him to cave parlor where home surroundings look snug under the stars. There he lecture and tablecloth set wife & uncle making playful with society expression. Her name was Mrs. Swank, Uncle's name Mr. Saw.

Please-to-meet enjoyed while I learn how make money from P. Knuckle which cost me \$10 while learning. Delightful afternoon. Nextly I stroll back to Hon. Dumb-Waiter and hyst upward to kitchen.

Danger about habits is they become habitual. Each afternoon time I slid down for slightly visit that delightful Janitor family. We play P. Knuckle each p. m. amidst of beer, American beer which I do not love, therefore can not. This is too happy life for remain doing so. Therefore I not asleep. One p. m. at dusk, what hour Hon. Mrs. Oddbunn arrive to me and report briefly, "Dinner for 8 at 7."

"What eat, if anything?" I ask to know.

"Turkey-bake will be sufficient roast," she explain while parting.

I make speed to talkative and ask Hon. Turkey come quick. By 7:30 time he arrive by Dumb-Waiter. I were dressed in politeness for dinner when Hon. Whistle speak from tube.

"Hello, you," this from me.

"Hello, no," this from Hon. Janitor bedown-stairs. "Why you no drop to P. Knuckle which waiter?"

"O thanks not to do," I narrate. "Too much turkey-cook consume time."

"Why you spoil all afternoon pleasure by mere work?" he grump, and leave for supper.

I very alarmed to insult poor Janitor. Yet in time of war Turkey is more important than Sweden. So I must devote my wrists to tired duty of cookery. Bymy 8 o'clock, then I put turkey to hot oven and await what next.

While setting down I catch thoughts. Why could I not make slight down all and observe 1-2 game P. Knuckle while Hon. Turkey peacefully bake up? Bank Presidents, actors, etc., can leave profession occasionally for idle joys. Why not Togo also? I did.

With talented muscle I elope into Hon. Dumb-Waiter, knock myself down, and next I stood by cellar parlor where red table cloth was there containing tube and Sweden. So I must devote my wrists to tired duty of cookery. Bymy 8 o'clock, then I put turkey to hot oven and await what next.

"What you do here?" require Hon. Janitor brutally like mules.

irregularly because I sat there indignantly when signified to be cooking. 2-4 hour ensue, yet nothing else. From my career box I could smell considerable homecoming from Hon. Turkey who sleep too long in hot oven. How could I escape to save that helpless bird? No more!

Nextly I hear Mrs. Oddbunn footsteps making turkey-trot down hall. "Heaven earthily, she shriek, 'Entire carnage of dinner by first Where Togo?'"

"Dumb-Waiter," I retort gently.

She lookin. Raked howells by her. "What you do here?"

"I come up please, but can't do because Janitor service very poor in this house," I reject.

"Maybe you could go far down permanently and avoid killing which I shall make on you when you appear," she rump.

"Perhaps could," I offer obligingly & at that junction Hon. Knut which Hon. Janitor tie in rope departed by breaking so Hon. D. Waiter shoot down 2 stories containing me.

When I reach to terminus of my fall-down I knew it. Cellar was there although slightly confused with bumps. I lay in middle of gloom when I aroused abruptly by Hon. Swedish rags who appear less suddenly than I escape before of him. Maybe he would be heard on my pathos if I stopped, but I didn't. So I resign from that situation feeling entirely bruised.

Hopeing you are the same.

Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

James K. Polk, the Man Who Annexed Texas To the Union; A Brief Sketch

One Hundred and Twenty Years Ago This Month He Was Born—His Fight Brought Texas Into the Union of States—Story of a Visit to His Widow in Later Years—His Tomb and Inscriptions.

JUST 120 years ago, Nov. 2, the man was born whose name means much to Texas and for Texas. The name of James K. Polk is intimately connected with the history and growth of Texas and the nation. If we have anything great or worth while in state or nation we have James Knox Polk to thank for a great deal of it. He started things in the day of small beginnings. His stirring deeds, acts, writings, and personal influence resulted in the annexation of Texas to the American union. His bold stand, his uncompromising letters favoring the "immediate annexation of Texas" were in strong contrast to the timid utterances of vacillating "watchful waiting" policy of Martin Van Buren.

Wanted Texas in Union. In his letter of April 22, 1845, Polk says: "I have no hesitation in declaring that I am in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas to the United States. The proof is fair and satisfactory that Texas once constituted a part of the territory of the United States, the title to which I regard as indisputable as that to any portion of our territory. The country west of the Sabine, now called Texas, was (in 1819) most unwisely ceded away." He asserted that the people of the republic were anxious for annexation and it is their prayer was rejected, Texas might become "a dependency, if not a colony of Great Britain."

Polk's direct vigorous English sounds like today. That letter placed James Knox Polk in the president's chair. As a political speaker and orator he at once was popular. Ardent, energetic, and full of fire, he was "the Napoleon of the stump."

He was an argumentative, and not a rhetorical or flow mountain orator, convincing by plainness of statement, and aptness of illustration. His ability and shrewdness in debate, business act, firmness and industry soon gave him a high reputation.

Historic Events. The several important historic events of Polk's times and administration are briefly stated: Texas was annexed to the United States. The Mexican war was fought to a definite and satisfactory conclusion. Many names famous in the struggle of 1845 to 1848 are mentioned in the chronicle of the Mexican war, thus intimately connected with the fight for Texas independence, and rise to power of our great empire state. We see such names as Robert E. Lee, U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, John C. Fremont, Philip Kearney, and many others.

At this early period, we learn something of Abraham Lincoln's wit and humor, which during the dark days of '61, softened and relieved his deep care and misgivings about terrible anxiety for the union, while brother was fighting brother. Lincoln, at that time a

member of congress, introduced his famous "spot" resolution asking president Polk to point out the exact "spot" on American territory where outrage had been committed. Americans differed as to the "spots" or causes of war, but war once entered on, there was no division. The sentiment was unanimous—"right or wrong, my country."

Among other statesmen of the Polk period, we hear in the halls of the house and senate, Andrew Johnson, Jefferson Davis, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, Stephen A. Douglas, Henry Clay—mighty giants there; many of them will be heard from later on, in the march of events.

Some Momentous Events. The question of internal improvements was prominent during Polk's administration; the department of the interior was organized as a division of Polk's cabinet. Friends and foes of slavery were heard in heated debate, a prominent feature during Polk's day. The Wilcox proviso resolutions, the Missouri compromise, and Henry Clay's part in these famous "pat-off" are now topics familiar to every school boy and girl. New Mexico and California were added to the national domain, and by paying Mexico \$10,000,000 pesos, the United States southwestern boundaries were extended to the Rio Grande. The territories of California and New Mexico were set up. Scarcely had the ink dried on the Mexican articles of peace, when gold was discovered in California, and the days of '49 and the

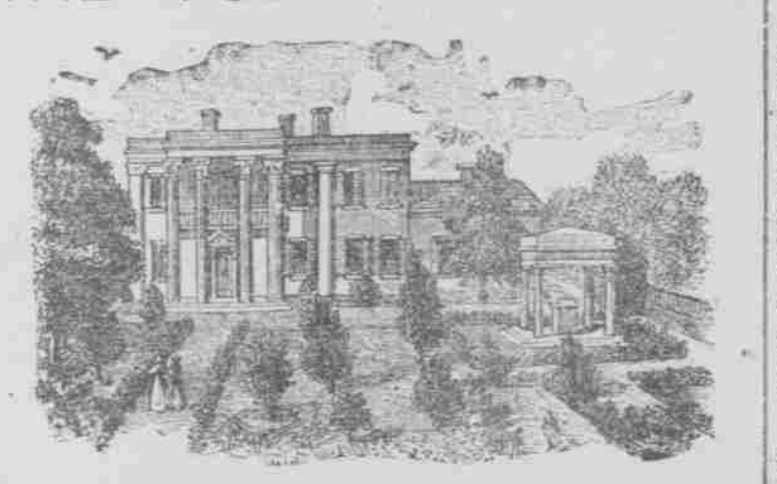
Argonauts were on! The Oregon boundary line caused frequent and furious debate, fifty-four days of fight. It was the rallying cry of the Whigs; finally the 49th parallel was taken as the dividing line. Andrew Jackson and John Quincy Adams were also numbered with the other giants of Polk's day, but both passed away during Polk's administration.

The Old Polk Place. The following brief sketch of the "old Polk place" is prepared from the notes of Col. John Fletcher, one of Gen. Nelson's troopers (8th Kentucky division). Fletcher arrived just in time to take part in the second day's fight at Pittsburg Landing—the Battle of Shiloh. He was war correspondent between battles and after the war for the old Louisville Journal, edited by the famous Bretnice, whose figure in heroic bronze graces the entrance to the present Courier-Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

On a notable street of Nashville—the Boston of the south—is an old-fashioned mansion of red brick, with wide deep windows and a mammoth pillared piazza. It is an ideal southern home. Here is the residence of Mrs. James Knox Polk, wife of the 11th president of the United States, and one of the mothers of the nation.

A Grandmother of the War. She is a slender, graceful old woman, with snow white neckerchief and folds of curls that smother her on either brow. She is over 30 years old, but her figure is straight, her step quick, and

THE POLK HOMESTEAD



The old style gate with eagle and anchor are not shown.

- Finding a New World -

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"THE world is so full of a number of things" that many of us neglect entirely to discover ourselves! Of course there are plenty of self-centered individuals in the world who are selfishly concerned with nothing but themselves, but even they have probably really never made the great discovery of their own power and potentiality.

Whenever an individual becomes absolutely sure of the fact that he is really an individual, that he is capable of standing on his own feet and walking forward on their toward the things which he wants to wrest from life, then the conclusion of Stevenson's quotation is true, and he ought to be as happy as a king.

One of the greatest tragedies of existence is that most of us imagine that life would be very happy if some one else would make it so. Happiness does not depend on whether some one is kind to you, or whether some one loves you; it depends entirely on whether you are strong enough to stand or fall by your own merits and whether you are determined enough to put in a fight that shall enable you to stand rather than to fall.

"None but yourself shall you meet on the highway," says a philosopher. In assuming yourself of that, in believing that, and in living up to it, you have taken the first step toward happiness and success.

The Real Facts. It is no easy to imagine that, given a fair chance, you would succeed. "If only," says Jim, "I could get to the head of the company." If he just interest himself in his behalf and give me a decent chance I'd show what I'm made of. I'd work if I just got a little recognition and the encouragement of a fair salary.

Jim, you will succeed only when you discover yourself as a man who is able to know—not to think, not to imagine, but know—that you are a man with the ability to succeed lying in yourself and not in the outside world and the chance it gives you, you will succeed. Your success does not depend on having a president of the company praise you or give you a raise.

It depends on your waking up some morning to the consciousness that you are a man strong enough to make your fight and willing to exert yourself and go on fighting until you have climbed just over obstacles to the place where your ability absolutely illumines everything that lies about you. Then you won't have to ask for recognition to enable you to succeed. Your success will bring you recognition.

Says Kate, "I might be a fine woman if I had a fair chance. But I'm working like a slave for \$15 a week, and I'm young and pretty and I can't easily be happy. And what makes everything else worse is that for two years I've just loved Arthur, and after playing fast and loose with my affection, he's thrown me over. I was born into poverty and I haven't even had a square deal in love. What can you expect of me?" I expect everything of you, Kate, whenever you wake up to the fact

that you can get it—and get it for yourself!

Suppose. Suppose you were born into poverty. Now you have managed to work yourself up to the living wage of \$15 a week. You have gone from a pathetic little creature who have to exist on perhaps only a third of the sum you are earning. You have had love, and that is itself something.

Now try to discover yourself. You are pretty, you are young, you are able to compel love (even if in one instance you failed to hold it); you have ability, and with all these potentialities and powers as you go on, you will be able to make a special case of you, when, if only you were convinced of it, you might make a special and admirable case of your own.

Arthur's love wanted; well, then, it probably wasn't worth having. Either Arthur was fickle or you failed to hold the gift that was given you. Love will come again, and when it does you will be wiser to choose and stronger to hold. Then, you are able to earn more, then, you are able to earn more. The point is, you have to believe in yourself and your ability. Don't waste time to ask things of life—go and get them. They are yours for the taking.

Must Do It Yourself. "None but yourself shall you meet on the highway," says a philosopher. No one can make or mar you. That is for you to do.

Discovering yourself means recognizing the fact that you are an individual strong enough to work and win and to conquer failure and defeat. Discover yourself, and you will be able to make a special case of you, when, if only you were convinced of it, you might make a special and admirable case of your own.

Every one stumbles a bit when walking the highway of life. You stumble, and to go on without hesitating means that you are not so intent on the road you walk that you have failed to discover that you are an individual walking that road.

"I am a person," says a little girl I know. "I know all persons." The point is to know it, to ask very little of other "persons" and everything of ourselves!

KABIBBLE KABARET

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, I HAVE JILTED TWELVE FIANCES AM I RIGHT?

HOW DO I KNOW?—DO I STAND IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE AND COUNT THEM COMING OUT?

appointment at this hour, one which it is quite imperative I should meet. I would be pleased to entertain you. I pray you therefore to excuse me and make yourself as much at home in my house and on my grounds as if I were here. My servants will show you what people generally wish to see. They are accustomed to seeing strangers, quite accustomed to it, I assure you.

It was something I had read about—



Sarah C. Polk, the Widow.

this graceful, old-fashioned courtesy— but never before over another, if she were my own dear grandmother, and she insisted on my calling again.

Her riding dress was of shiny silken material, black, and set in a belt with a plain belt of corded ribbon. At her neck was a white linen kerchief, folded with artistic precision, and fastened with a large brooch which contained a fine picture of president Polk. Her shawl was of black lace, quality wadded and on her hands were silk "mitts" or whatever you call those contraptions with the fingers cut off.

As the carriage whirled away, I turned back into the yard and went at once to the tomb of James Knox Polk, which stands midway between the street and the house, at the left of the walk. It is a plain rectangular sarcophagus, black and cold, facing east and of smooth limestone. It incloses a low square monument of the same kind of stone.

Every year it was the custom for the legislature to visit Mrs. Polk. After brief prayers at the tomb, they were entertained by a few of her life long friends. The monument is covered with inscriptions, and on her side, facing the street, of bold square letters, these words are found:

James K. Polk, eleventh president of the United States. Born Nov. 2, 1795. Died June 15, 1845.

A Christian. On the second face is the following inscription: "The mortal remains of James Knox Polk are resting in the vault beneath. He was born in Meigsburg county, North Carolina, and emigrated with his father, Samuel Polk, to Tennessee, in 1818. The life of virtue, the excellence of Christianity was exemplified in his death."

On the third side, looking toward the house, there is this remarkable though brief record: "His life was devoted to the public service. He was elevated successively to the first places in the state and federal governments, a member of the central assembly of Tennessee, a member of congress, chairman of the most important congressional committees, speaker of the house of representatives, governor of Tennessee, and president of the United States."

On the fourth face of the monument is found an impressive statement of Polk's influence upon the nation: "By his public policy, he defined, established and extended the boundaries of his country. He planned the laws of the American union on the shores of the Pacific. His influence and his counsel tended to organize the national treasury on the principles of the constitution, and to apply the rule of freedom to navigation, trade and industry."

The remains of president and Mrs. Polk and the tomb were by a decree of the court removed later to Capitol Hill, with a view to the division of the land among the heirs.

James K. Polk.

and shrubs of various sorts placed at mathematical intervals.

A huge brightly burnished brass knocker, not unlike the handles of a coffin, peered out its manical chimney, telling the inmates of a stranger at the door. Soon a bent and rickety old negro woman came to answer my summons.

Old Fashioned Parlor. She led me into an old-fashioned parlor, with shells of all kinds on the mantel, and chintz curtains with large flowers, fleecy blue and green, and red. On the walls were numerous portraits of men in wig and military uniforms, and of women in high powdered hair and ruffles; there were many antique prints and half faded landscapes. The furniture was heavy, massive mahogany and exquisitely carved; the carpet—half covered with canvases—was a relic of ancient grandeur. I was enabled to merely glance at my surroundings, when the old servant bade me be seated, and left me to my mathematical interludes.

Polk came into the parlor, and cordially extending her hand, said: "I see you are a stranger, sir, but I am happy to see you, nevertheless. People call every day to see me (laughing) to see how a woman lives whose home was once in the white house, and I appreciate their attention very highly."

Liked Visitors. I thanked her and attempted to apologize for intruding but she tapped her hand impatiently with her parasol and said: "The apology is on my part, sir, for I must beg you to excuse me. I have an